WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

VOL. IV.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1806. No. 31.

INGRATITUDE.

WHEN ingratitude to the authors of our being discovers itself, (in the female character in particular,) what a contemptible opinion must we entertain of her, who, regardless of every tender tie, and forgetful of that fostering care without which she must have fallen an early victim to helplessness and want, unfeelingly rends the heart-strings of an unfortunate though indulgent parent by contemptuous neglect and indifference!—Such is the character of Flavia: nurtured in the bosom of affection, she knew no cares, but those arising from caprice; no wants, but the phantoms of imagination. Her father (whom we shall distinguish by the name of Barton,) naturally volatile and good-humoured, at an early period, unfortunately contracted acquaintance with a few persons of a similar disposition, though more affluent circumstances; the result of which was, a total dislike to domestic enjoyments, neglect in his professional avocations, though little more remaining to him than a sufficiency to discharge the debts incurred by a thoughtless and infatuated propensity. From a poignant sense of injury, and want of duty to his wife and child, (as well as some circumstances which are of too delicate a nature to be mentioned,) he found it absolutely necessary, for their future welfare, to quit this country, however painful to his awakened feelings the idea might be of such a separation.—With a very trifling sum, he therefore embarked for——, after having discharged the whole of his debts, and leaving for his wife the remainder of his property, which, united with her own laudable endeavors, enabled herself and daughter to maintain a respectable appearance.—When arrived in ——, without a friend with whom to advise, he keenly felt those bitter pangs of remorse, whose source is derived from error and irregularity; and scarcely knowing what situation most likely to suit his purpose, by the greater accident he met with an old acquaintance, (a man of property and extensive connexions,) to whom he disclosed the whole of his hapless tale. Touched by his misfortunes, and finding him totally reclaimed, this gentleman, with a benevolence truly characteristic of friendship and humanity, so far interested himself in his behalf, as to procure him tolerable practice in his profession. Several years elapsed without any particular occurrence further than writing to, and receiving letters from, his wife; who, although she had once experienced such slight and neglect at his hands, could not divest herself of that tender affection which an early attachment had so deeply implanted. In two or three of his last letters, he expressed a very great desire once more to visit her he had formerly so maltreated; that he might, before he had finished life's weary pilgrimage, obtain her forgiveness, press her and his child with comfort to his heart, and then (as his stay with them might be attended with the worst of consequences) return in some degree satisfied, to close his eyes among strangers.—Mrs. Barton, ignorant of his sentiments, and fearing that unhappy effects might result from his presence in ——, was under the necessity of suffering his letters to remain unanswered, not knowing in what terms to couch a denial to the only man she loved. From this silence, Barton drew the most distressing conclusions; and apprehensive that his wife was no more, or so unwell as to be incapable of answering him, immediately left ——, and arrived in ——, the seat of his former indiscretions. Mrs. Barton possessing an extreme delicate constitution, and being unacquainted with his arrival, found herself so much fluttered and shocked by an interview, after a lapse of so many years, that nature being unequal to sustain it, on the second day afterward, she was seized with a violent fit of apoplexy, which terminated an existence replete with anxiety and sorrow. Judge the distress of mind this unexpected and melancholy event, of which he was the innocent cause, must have occasioned poor Barton; how painful the reflection, that his dearest friend should be thus hastily snatched away, when scarcely she had assured him of her forgiveness: but the ways of Providence are dark and inscrutable, and it is our duty with resignation and patience to bow to its awful decrees. Let us now take a survey of the conduct of his daughter, who, arrived at the age of twenty-five, and having for several years in some degree assisted her mother professionally, was very desirous to occupy

he same situation, provided her father would allow her the whole of the household goods, plate, &c. &c. exactly as they stood. This request from a child to an aged parent, destitute of any other property whatever, must appear to a reflecting mind, as extraordinary as selfish and unfeeling; yet Barton, inattentive to his own future support, and alive solely to his child's happiness and comfort, with an unequalled generosity, caused a deed of gift to be drawn, and actually presented her with the whole of his effects. Such an act as this, we might naturally conclude, must, independently of her duty as a daughter, have impressed the mind of Flavia with the most lively sentiments of gratitude veneration and love, for her benevolent parent; but benefits to the unworthy, are as bubbles on the water's surface, which one moment, from their lustre, may command attention; the next, diffused into the air, lose every vestige of their former existence, and are no more remembered. Before we proceed any further, it will be necessary to say, that Barton at this time received a letter from his brother abroad, pressing him to visit ——. From this, not making the least doubt he should spend the remainder of his days with him, (as he was a bachelor, far advanced in years, and the only surviving relative of the family,) he wrote to his friend in ——, informing him of his supposed good fortune; and after having gratefully returned thanks for the many acts of kindness received at his hands, repaired to his sorrow-feigning daughter, of whom he took an affectionate leave. By a prosperous voyage, he soon arrived at the place of his destination, where having met with a most cordial reception, he now began to conceive that his evil genius had completely forsaken him: but the busy and malevolent voice of calumny pursued him even to this retreat; six weeks having scarcely relapsed, before he became sensible of the greatest change and coldness in his brother's behaviour. Unconscious of having in any respect offended, he enquired the cause, when, to his unspeakable grief and astonishment, he found that the whole of his past follies had been minutely detailed, with many additional aggravations, which too well succeeded in seducing from him his brother's regard. To add to the cup of misery, whose dregs he was destined most largely to imbibe, he now received a letter from ——, stating the unwelcome intelligence of the death of his friend, who, a fortnight before, had fallen a victim to a violent fever. Under such a complication of woes, a common mind must despondingly have sunk; but Barton, to whom disappointment was no new thing, in some degree contented himself with the flattering hope, that Fortune might soon change to brighter prospects. From an increased reserve in his brother's behaviour, together with frequent intimations too pointed to be misunderstood, he was perfectly aware, that it would be impossible for him to remain long in his present situation: and knowing, from the answer to the letter he had written to his friend in ——, that he must of course have lost his connexion there, he was about to give himself up to the glooms of despair; when, calling to mind the success he had previously met with, and feeling a consciousness of having acted with a strict sense of propriety, he resolved to return, and, by a recital of his late miseries to those whose favour he had witnessed, throw himself upon their humanity. With a heavy heart, and tear-bedewed eyes he bade farewell to his credulous but inexorable brother, and arriving in England in his route to ——, consoled himself, in some measure, with the idea that he should once more embrace his only child. He therefore, with this intent, repaired to Flavia's house, where, by her commands, (for she had been apprized of his arrival,) he was assured she was not within. Disappointed, he informed the servant his name, and where he might be met with; desiring her to mention to his daughter, that he would call again on the morrow. While preparing to pay a second visit, he received a note from Flavia, intimating, that, from the earnest solicitations of her friends, it was impossible for her to see him; and to confirm this assertion, on the following day, she absolutely left ——, not to return till assured of her father's absence. This to poor Barton was a severe stroke indeed; nay, it harrowed up his very soul, to think that his only child for whom he had evinced such tender regard, should, forgetful of the considerable obligations so lately conferred, and callous to those feelings for a parent, which powerfully and instinctively prevail in every generous breast, cruelly desert and flee him, careless of his present or future sufferings. Dejected and forsaken, he once more embarked for —— where he safely arrived: and though upwards of sixty-five years of age, is, by dire necessity, compelled to combat with the frowns of fortune: or, in a more succinct expression, *begin the world anew*; while his daughter, enjoying all the comforts of life, (effects of a fathers liberality,) scorns the difficulties of a less fortunate situation, as well as one tributary sigh of regret to the sorrows of her parent and benefactor. Gentle reader, if thou shouldest not consider me presuming, may I be indulged, by proposing to thee two or three simple questions? From the placid smile that plays around thy lips, I feel an assurance of thy assent; under such flattering auspices, I am therefore encouraged to proceed. Has the blessing of a parent's care attended thy more mature years? Hast thou at any time suffered particular illness or misfortune, and thou didst not observe the tear of affection and sympathy moisten his anxious eye? Dost thou not owe him more than gratitude, for the unceasing trouble and assistance attendant on, and necessary to, the helpless state of childhood? Is he not the well-spring of thy existence; and couldest thou bear to see him tossed on the merciless ocean of misery and distress, without extending thy hand to rescue him from perdition? or, if this was not in thine own power, wouldest thou not, impelled by the voice of nature, call for assistance upon those more capable to afford it? Can I hesitate for a moment to answer in the affirmative? If even common gratitude warms thy breast, thou wouldest with love and reverance share, nay, give (and still consider thyself indepted) thy last farthing and morsel to him who is the author of thy being. How different are those from the sentiments of the selfish Flavia, who tramples upon filial duty as an unworthy claim! But the day of retribution will undoubtedly arrive, when, tortured by the racks of a wounded conscience she must with horror and remorse, dreadfully feel the enormity of her crime; for, although the sun-shine of prosperity may for a while dazzle the ungrateful and disobedient; yet, in an unlocked-for moment, some ill inevitably overtakes them, which amply repays for their former transgressions.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY

IS always greater in proportion, as marriages are more numerous and less difficult; but when the interest or pride of families, or parental authority, not the inclination of the parties, unites the sexes, gallantry soon breaks the slender ties, in spite of common moralists, who exclaim against the effect, whilst they pardon the cause.

SELECTIONS,
ND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR
THE VISITOR.

THE ANGLER.

IN a warm summer's evening, look at the patient angler; his eye constantly fixed upon a floating quill. A little gust of wind deceives his sight; or his hand shakes the line, and causes an undulating motion of the cork: his heart bounds with transitory joy; but all is still again, and expectation gives a joy more calm. Many minutes now elapse in silent watchfulness. At length his patience is no longer kept in suspense—the float, with frequent jerks, is snatched slanting below the surface of the flood. He feels the tremulous motion in his hand, and pleasure thrills through all his frame: anxiety and hope though not unmixed with fear, engross his whole attention, and cautiously he drags the struggling victim to the light. Here when he views the unexpected magnitude of his glittering prize, his joy is at its utmost reach. What object could at this moment tempt him to quit his station? Intent upon his sport, he one moment pulls, then seems to yield, then gently draws the exhausted victim, till at length, exulting, he takes the scaly prisoner in his hand. But, alas! with his victory, his pleasure ceases; for having disengaged the poor creature from the hook, he throws it down with indifference, and proceeds to fish again, that he may again enjoy the pleasures of anxious expectations.

Thus is it in all pursuits: the pleasure of expectation appears to be the great compensation for the frivolity of enjoyment; but an evil which is dreaded when it arrives usually is found so much more severe than it was expected to prove, as pleasure eagerly desired when possessed is found to fall short of what it had appeared to the imagination.

THE TOILETTE.

A WOMAN may admit a lover to her toilette when she is sure of the effect of her charms. It is like the artful confidence of a secret, one is certain will do one honour. When a woman suffers herself to be surprised at her toilette, it is as much as to say—'I have, as to my beauty, a clear conscience: it is all honestly my own, and I am the more sure of doing execution with it for its not having the air of murder prepense.'

But when it comes to that dismal time when it is necessary to make a face, the dressing-room door is carefully bolted till the operation is over. 'There is no secret better kept by the women,' says a French writer, 'than that of the toilette: it is even better kept than that of their intrigues.'

IMMORTALITY.

WHO is that man, who, with slow measured steps, and, in sad contemplation, stalks over the solitary waste—whose deeply sighing bosom bespeaks a heart sorely overcharged?—Wherefore seeks he the shelter of the untenanted mansion, and mourn fully treads among the graves of the departed, wishing to mingle his dust with their's? In this frivolous age, where the dastardly soul impels to nothing great, either in virtue or vice; where the loss or acquirement of wealth constitutes the extreme of misery or felicity; where the heart hardly shares in what is called pleasure, and but lightly feels the poignancy of sorrow; what complication of woes, what weight of remorse thus secludes this man from his kind, and makes him so heavily feel the load of existence? Can the privation of what is sweet in life alone plunge into such despondency? Can perishable matter alone bear thus deeply the inflictions of remorse?—Oh! no; I discover in the stormy passions, as well as in noble and virtuous enthusiasm, the effects of that instigating and restless spirit, too narrowly confined on this earth, and panting for a wider space, more adequate to the sublimity of its conceptions.

TEMPER.

THE following rule, for the government of temper, is an admirable one, and will effectually secure one from being guilty of the injustice of wrathful passion. Never to be offended at any thing that is not in itself immoral, and, consequently, subject to the divine displeasure. What is not an offence in the eye of God, is no subject for the sharp rebuke of man. The voice of anger would not often be heard in a family, where every offence was measured by such a scale.

FRIENDSHIP.

WE cannot tell the precise moment when it is formed; as, in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop that makes it run over; so, in a series of kindnesses, there is, at last, one which [illegible] the heart run over.

A celebrated writer has observed, that *disproportioned friendships* ever terminate in disgust.

ANTITHETICAL CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

IN the Turks are united modesty and pride, avarice and prodigality, greediness and benevolence, parsimony and profuseness, temperance and excess at table: though obstinate, they yield with the greatest facility; vindicative, they are the first to embrace their enemies; ungrateful to their benefactors, they are themselves frequently benevolent; the friends of humanity, yet disgracing the dignity of man; jealous and patient; indolent and active; courageous and servile; superstitious and credulous; such are the Turks.

THE REFLECTOR.

PEOPLE of merit lose nothing by being known. Daylight or dark, a diamond will sparkle.

A fair character, like a fair skin; if closely inspected, has a thousand irregularities.

The lips often deceive; the eyes never.

WHEN flaterers compliment the great for virtues that are the very reverse of their characters, they remind me of the story of a little boy who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their persons. One day a gentleman who had an extraordinary large nose, being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to say any thing of the gentleman's large nose—when he arrived, the child stared at him, and then turning to his mother, said "mamma, what a pretty little nose that gentleman has."

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE
WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST,
Liver-pool.

Communicated for the Weekly Visitor.

TO THE LADIES.

Laugh if you are wise. MARTIAL.

My sweet fair Creatures!

I WAS born a sort of a gentleman, for you must know my great-grandfather was a parson—and you know a parson is always *considered* a gentleman—and my great-grandmother was a parson's wife.—These were my ancestors, as my own father and mother tell me. But my father's father did not like the profession of a parson, so he chose the rural life of a farmer: and then my father's mother was a farmer's wife, and that profession descended to my father; and he is now a *bit* of a gentleman farmer, and my dear sweet mother a *bit* of a gentleman farmer's wife—so all this makes me a *little bit* of a son of a *bit* of a gentleman farmer: so much for my pedigree. My dear mother gave me a *little bit* of good education—and I pass for a gentleman; for I am, be assured, a man of *taste* and *fashion* (as the phrase goes:) for I'll tell you—I wear my boots black as jet, with cream-coloured tops; or my hessians, with at least fifty wrinkles in them—and large enough to hold, beside my pretty *little* leg (though I say it, that should not say it,) at least a *peck of bran*; but they are all the go: I have, too, the large *inexpressibles*; one thigh of which is sufficient to hold three the size of mine: they come below my calf, and button the front of my leg, and reach near my chin—(it's as they wear them.) My waistcoat is of the newest pattern possible, and made just the tip: my coat of the Bond street cut—the sleeves large enough to contain the arms of *O'Brian*, the Irish giant; yet the waist and skirts so short, that the hind part appears more calculated for a boy just breeched, and, in fact, scarcely sufficient to hide what they ought to conceal: (they are all the rage.) My hat is what we term a *slouch*—a large wide brim, and a very low crown; and this really makes me look like a *large mushroom*: (but it's the tippy.) Thus far, my sweet females! you may suppose I am complete; in fact, what is called a complete fellow. But, alas! I am not a *perfect one*. I have *a want*;—*I want* a beard, and a more manly countenance. *I want* dignity. *I want* courage *I want* assurance. *I want* intrepidity. *I want* resolution. *I want*—*I want*—Yes, *I want whiskers*. O had I but the *whiskers*, then should I be the happy man! If any of you sweet little creatures can and will provide a remedy for my *wants*, haste, haste, to relieve one *sadly* oppress; for at present, although twenty-two years of age, my face is as *smooth* and as *fair* as my sister's. As for my dear sweet mother, she beats me all hollow: she has many *long hairs* on her chin and face, and when she smiles or pouts they shine exactly like the *sweet whiskers* of a cat.—I have *began* to love a young lady, but dare not tell her of it *at present*; for I know she hates a man without *whiskers*. I shave, and pomade my chin and face—yet all to *no purpose*; and, with all my fashionable dress, and other accomplishments, I look exactly like *a great girl*, dressed up in man's clothes: in fact, some of the young ladies in our town call me the *femenine beau*. I hope and trust, my dear female friends, you will earnestly consider my misfortune, and inform me, in the next number, what I must do to obtain a large big pair of *whiskers*—then, O then, I'll tell my love I love her, and am sure she will love me; for she often, ah! very often, talks about the *sweet whiskers* of the captain in our town: If you will, dear ladies! give a receipt, be assured the favour will be considered a *heavenly one*. I do assure you I am *not an ugly fellow*, take me all in all—but I want, and must have, the *whiskers*.

O, sweet *whiskers!*
My life for the *whiskers!*

With the fond hope of obtaining relief by the kind interference of you, fair creatures! I conclude in assuring you I am, with the greatest respect,

The protector of your dear sex,
TOMMY SOFTCHIN.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS,
ADDRESSED TO UNMARRIED WOMEN.

I SHALL lay this down as a criterion by which the coquette may be generally known, *viz.* that every young woman who is past twenty-one years of age, and has rejected three offers, *is one*. This may, by the fair readers of this miscellany, be thought a hard case, that their sex may not have the liberty of refusing disagreeable offers, without being stigmatised with such a character: be that as it will, I think it is certain it has such an effect; and that, without exception, not even those of the best judgments and superlative accomplishments are proof against it.

Ambition, and the pleasure and pride their sex naturally take in being courted and admired, greatly facilitate their being coquettes: and what makes their case the worse, is, it grows insensibly upon them, and when they are furthest advanced in it they hate the name, and think they are quite exempt from such a character.

When once a train of admirers and frequent conquests have made them *vain* and *conscious* of their beauty, they strive by the most engaging behaviour to win the hearts of young men, prompted to it chiefly by the love of conquest; for they will refuse very advantageous offers when they are in the prime of youth and beauty, rather than quit the pleasure they take in still making new conquests. Thus the happiness of a tyrant is to conquer new countries, but the wise monarch makes himself happy by ruling well in one.

The coquettes behave to our sex in general with the utmost affability, freedom, and good nature; and when a girl of this sort finds a young man has a *particular respect for her* (though she may have none at all for him,) she will indulge his freedom with the greatest kindness, and seem pleased with the liberties he takes. Thus, he thinks, he has secured her heart, and at length makes his addresses to her; but is convinced, *too* late, that she only seemed to make a conquest of him, and then cast him off—*she meant nothing!*

It is the opinion of the philosophers, that the force of ambition is stronger in women after they are past one or two and twenty, than love, and it is very much increased by a number of suitors and admirers. Therefore I would advise every young man that values his peace, not to make an offer to a coquette, except his settlement is grand, and his fortune vastly superior to hers: and even then if she is under thirty years of age, it is uncertain whether he shall succeed or not. But for a man of small fortune, though he be wise and virtuous, to think of having a woman of this character—

'He might as well court the pale trembling vestal
'When she beholds the holy flame expiring.'

What still heightens the ambition of the girl, is, her being sought unto so much and admired makes her friends a sort of coquettes too, and they imagine the *pretty* goose is a swan, and therefore must

have something extraordinary to match her. Thus whoever it is that makes an offer is still rejected, and the last *fool* is as welcome as the former, and refused on the same account—that is, in expectation of something greater; for ambition is now become the ruling passsion, and has so far perverted her judgment, that she has no relish for the sober satisfactions of common life, and her notions of marriage are refined beyond what the nature of things will admit of: however, as she imagines happiness to consist chiefly in riches and grandeur, she resolves not to enter into the married state, unless she can meet with a man of *great* fortune. For, as Pope obs erves,

'In spite of love and nature, seize thy hold,
'And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all....*but gold.*'

But it often happens, that these ladies by being too difficult, overstan : their market—(blush not, inconstant I–m–a ;) their lovers wearied by being long denied, their charms fade with advancing years, and they obliged, as a *just reward* for having spent their youth in *tyranny* and *conquest*, to pass the remainder of their days in peevish celibacy.—Oh ! ye fair meaners of *nothing !*

There is no man has a *greater esteem* and more *honourable* regard for the female sex than I have, and I wish there were fewer of them deserved what I have said, for many of them before they were coquettes were

'The fairest of creation, last and best
'Of all God's works ! but oh, how fallen !'

May you, who are young, beautiful, and fortunate, be preserved from falling on that rock on which so many of your sex have split; and give me leave to advise you, before ambition has taken possession of your heart, *not* to refuse a worthy man of sense and virtue, whom you *can love* (if such a one should make an offer to you,) though his fortune should be a little less than your's.

S.

EULOGY ON RED HAIR.

"WHATEVER the opinion of the vulgar may be;" thus spoke a celebrated connoisseur; "I never saw an unexceptionable beauty without red hair; and I scarcely ever met with red hair unaccompanied by a beautiful face. Some I have known whose lineaments were angelical. In all the paintings by the most celebrated artists, that I have had an opportunity of seeing, where angels are intended to be represented, I have invariably remarked, that they prefer red hair, to give a consummate idea of an all-perfect beauty. I allow that there are some exceptions; but I have in general observed, that there are more fine faces attached to red, or, if you please, golden locks (and what is *golden* but *red?* or whence Shakespear's *golden blood ?*) than to those of any other colour. The skin of a woman whose hair is red, surpasses all description for delicacy: her eyes are, for the most part, blue and languishing—her lips thin,—her features soft, and the *tout ensemble* lovely and divine."*

* Such was, probably, the countenance of Petrarc 's Laura. That she had red hair, we may learn from him when speaking of her growing old he says,

"Your golden tresses will to silver turn."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ANACREONTIC.

Gentle Cupid, god of love,
Look with pity from above;
Since you've made me feel the smart
Of your love-exciting dart.
Haste, prepare the barbed steel,
Full of ardour, full of zeal,
Pierce my lovely Delia's soul,
To her love appoint no goal;
By thy necromantic art,
Touch her adamantine heart.
Draw the bow-string swift and sure,
Passion in her breast immure.
May she never it displace,
Until Damon's bed she'll grace,
May she, fraught with every charm,
Damon's panting bosom warm,
May sweet Love while on the wing,
To us both contentment bring;
May Suspicion's factious train,
Ne'er perplex, or cause us pain;
But may each delightful joy
All our leisure hours employ.
In the gentle purling rills,
Falling down the neighbouring hills,
We will bathe in Summer's heat,
We will echo's there repeat.
In the cool Aonian glade,
By the hands of Cupid made,
We'll enjoy the sweets of love,
We will [illegible] council's move.
Gran[illegible] this my pray'r,
Ma[illegible]ions share,

X. Y. Z.

FROM THE EMERALD.

CROSS READINGS.

Lost yesterday evening, near the market—the Court and Jury, and seven eighths of the bar.

The wardens and vestry of Trinity church—have for sale ten pipes Brandy.

Whereas my wife Elizabeth—will perform for the last time this season.

It is expected that Congress are—turned adrift in the harbour.

To be sold by public auction—Gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions——being a fresh assortment by the Spring importations.

The Indian medicines have accomplished many cures—by virtue of a law of this Commonwealth.

Wanted in a private family—the culprits who broke from Charlestown prison.

The Piseataqua Bridge Lottery—has a fine breast of milk and good recommendations.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

How am I altered by disappointment! When going to—ten years ago, the elasticity of my mind was sufficient to ward off weariness—and the imagination still could dip her brush in the rainbow of fancy, and sketch futurity in smiling colours. Now I am going towards the North in search of sunbeams! Will any warm this desolated heart? All nature seems to frown, or rather mourn with me. Every thing is cold—cold as my expectations!

Mary Wollstonecraft.

He was reputed a wise man, who, when asked, when a man should marry, answered "a young man, not yet; an elder man, not [illegible]

Ld. Bacon.

Diogenes the Cynick philosopher, being asked which was the best wine, made answer "that, which he drank at another man's cost."

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1806.

A private letter from a gentleman in London to a friend in Philadelphia, mentions that, the *Board of Health* of the city of LONDON had lately agreed in a belief that the Yellow Fever was not a contagious disease, and of course that it could not be imported from one country into another.

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From the Evening Post.

After having long looked for the announciation of Mr. Hallam, senior's benefit, and wondered what could so greatly have delayed it, I am pleased to observe that the veteran has once more become a candidate for public favour, the delay too has been occasioned by a delicacy as honorable to our old friend as it is illustrative of his mind.

For some time his health has been such as to preclude the possibility of his appearance on the boards, and he would not, therefore, allow himself to claim what his services could not, in some measure, assist to deserve. At present, however, he is so far recovered, that he proposes to make his appearance on Monday evening next, for his own benefit, in his highly finished character of *Lord Ogleby* in the *Clandestine Marriage*, a character in which, I have no hesitation to say, he is second to no man in America.

It cannot be necessary to solicit much in behalf of a man, whose worth and talents have interested and delighted the American public for upwards of half a century.

AMICUS.

—

MRS. HAMILTON.

On Tuesday evening last, as was expressed in the papers of the morning, at the Union Hotel, Mrs. Hamilton read and recited select passages from several of the most celebrated English poets and prose writers.

This lady may be said with justice, to be one of nature's favored progeny; and, mindful of the mighty preference, pays obedience to her impulse.

Some gentlemen of our theatre, were they to attend the recitations of Mrs. H. might be instructed to speak without mouthing, and to declaim without rant. With all her excellencies, however, Mrs. H. is not entirely free from fault. Action superabounds in her recitations. In portraying the bolder passions, gesticulation is a powerful auxiliary to the countenance; but where it is used often, and on trivial occasions, it fatigues with its repititions, and, instead of an aid, may become a dangerous enemy.

We are of opinion, however, that Mrs. H. possesses the most commanding talents.—And the encouragement of a discerning public, will, no doubt, reward her transcendent merits.

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COMMUNICATION.

WHILE we are happy to remark that our theatre, this season, has been well attended, we cannot but express our regret that the audience have not reprobated the now *fashionable* practice of our comedians, of uttering oaths by way of embellishing the characters they assume. Did this offence seldom occur, and then only where a sort of oath might be introduced without too great a trespass on the rules of morality, animadversion would be unnecessary.—But when we are constrained to hear, at every third sentence, a repetition of some unnecessary *damn'e* or the like, patience gives way, and we cannot but think that the man who uses so unjustifiable a means to excite the applause of the multitude, displays "a most pitiful ambition."

We hope the gentleman of our theatre will "reform this practice altogether;" and neither continue interpolators, nor cause elisions from the given language of their author.

P. R.

—

A CARD.

Mrs. Hamilton has the honour to announce to the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York, and its vicinity, that she has fixed her *last night* but one of Readings and Recitations, this evening, when she will introduce several new pieces.

A SERMON

Will be preached on Sunday evening next, at the Methodist church in John street, at early candle light, by the Rev. Samuel Coate, who has the direction of the missions to the French in lower Canada, and a collection will be made for the support of the missionary, and for building a church in the city of Montreal, which, it is contemplated, will very much strengthen the establishment of the said missions. The aid of the benevolent is solicited on this occasion.

Our city Inspector reports the Death of 51 persons, during the week ending the 24th inst. of the following diseases, Asthma 1, * Casualty, 1 Consumption, 6 † Convulsions 6, Debility 2, Decay 3, Dropsy 2, Drowned 2, Dysentary 1, Fever Intermittent 1, Fever Nervous 1, Fever-Typhus 2, Hives 5, Inflamation of the Liver 1, Inflamation of the stomach 2, Inflamation of the lungs 1, Old age 2, Palsy 2, Small pox, 3 Sore throat 1, Sudden death 1, Ulcer 1, Whooping cough 1, Worms, 2.

* A Child aged 2 years, who died in consequence of a burn.

† one man, 3 women and 2 children, the man was aged 40 years. Of the women one was 21, one 30, and one 42 years. The children were aged between 5 and 10.

To Correspondents, &c.

"NAUTICUS," we fear, would hardly prove interesting to our readers; for his good intentions, and favorable opinion of our work, we tender him our thanks.

"The Poor Little wandering cripple," with several other selected communications, have already been published in our Miscellany. Reply to "B-linda" came too late for this week's paper, it shall appear in our next.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
" Of human offspring,
" Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
" His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
" Reigns here and revels;'

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Phoebus, Mr. Abraham Russell, to Miss Sarah Carpenter, daughter of Mr. Thomas Carpenter, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. Francis Peckwell, to Miss Eliza Martling Beekman, daughter of Mr. William Beekman, all of this city.

On Monday evening, the 29th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. Joseph Anas-

tansi, to Miss Sally Lockwood, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Peter Riker, to Miss Sarah Eliza Meeks, daughter of Col. E. Meeks, all of this city.

At Beaufort, 1st inst. Mr. Samuel Reid, Esq. merchant, formerly of Boston, to Miss Eliza Mary Dobson, of Beaufort.

....."all, that live, must die; passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Thursday 22d, inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Ann Storry, wife of Mr. John Storry, merchant, of this city.

On Saturday, in the 44th year of her age, Mrs. Jane Carnes, wife of John Carnes, Measurer.

Of a consumption, on the 13th inst. at Poughkeepsie, John W. Williams, Esq. of this city, aged twenty-five years.

E. RILEY,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS PUPILS.

That he has removed his

MUSIC ROOMS,

To No. 13 Broad Street, and his dwelling to Harrison Street, two doors from Greenwich Street near the north river.

The GERMAN FLUTE, FLAGIOLETT, GUITTAR, & PIANO FORTE, taught on the most approved principles.

4 t May 31

SELECT ACADEMY.

G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

TEACHER OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WRITING, ACCOUNTS, DRAWING, AND MARINE PAINTING,

[*Pupil to the celebrated Mr. Dodd, Marine Painter to his Britaniac Majesty,*]

NO. 13 BROAD STREET,

G. T. Respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen, that he teaches by the lesson, or quarter at their respective homes, or at his rooms as above. May 24

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SATE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving..with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do, Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking offa kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smoot and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, at 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

A great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24, 1806.

BLACK JET BUTTONS,

NEW & ELEGANT TEA-TRAYS

A. & F. OGSBURY,

HAVE just received by the Adrianna from Liverpool, an assortment of TEA-TRAYS, of the newest and most elegant patterns, and of superior workmanship, from 16 to 30 dollars the sett, with a great variety at lower prices Also, an assortment of ladies BLACK JET BUTTONS.

Knives and forks, penknives, scissors, needles, spangles, tinsel trimmings, violin strings, &c all of the first quality, and for sale wholesale and retail at their store No. 77 William Street.

May 10.

I. WOOFFENDALE,

DENTIST,

NO. 84 BROADWAY,

HAVING been informed by several people that they have purchased DENTIFRICE at different shops in this city which was sold for his, informs every person that his DENTIFRICE for cleansing and preserving the teeth, 4 shillings per box, and his LOTION for the cure of the scurvy in the gums, 8 shillings per bottle, are sold at his house, but at *no other place in America.* He continues to fix human, artificial, and enamelled artificial teeth.

N. B. Every person wearing artificial teeth, ought to use the LOTION every day.

May 3. 4 t.

CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,

MINATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes *LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET,* accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of *ten dollars*: and if not approved a *likeness* no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS *of his work to be seen at his Drawing Rooms at Mr.* SAMUEL. I BURROWE'S, *No.* 6 *Pine-street.*

HN JONES,

MBRELA AND PARASOL MAKER,

NO. 29 CH[illegible] STREET

NEW-YORK,

INFOR[illegible] his [illegible] public in general that he has on h[illegible] of his own make, Silk Umbrellas and Parasols, [illegible] fast Colours. Likewise Cotton [illegible] to any [illegible] sale in this city.

Co[illegible]gs and repairings neatly executed.

☞ B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

THE rough wind whistles o'er the plain,
The storm descends with floods of rain,
The thunder rolls, the lightnings glare,
And sable clouds obscure the air.

When on the heath a female form
Stood unprotected from the storm:
Her tatter'd clothes were drench'd with rain,
And deep her bosom throbb'd with pain.

Her looks were sad, her cheeks were pale,
Her matted locks flow'd in the gale;
Her streaming eyes, and scanty dress,
Bespoke her misery and distress.

The piercing hail her bosom beat,
And naked were her trembling feet;
She closer wrapt her ragged cloak,
And thus in broken accents spoke:

"Cast off, insulted, doom'd to rove,
"The victim of ungenerous love,
"Of hope bereft, my prospects drear,
"My broken heart no friend to cheer.

"Oh! Henry, could'st thou see me now,
"How would'st thou mourn thy broken vow!
"Repentance sure, would wring thy heart,
"For acting such a faithless part.

"For well thou know'st that by thy stay
"My simple heart was led astray;
"'Twas thou who forc'd me thus to roam,
"And leave my doating parents' home.

"Perhaps, e'en now, with features wild,
"They mourn their hapless, guilty child:
"Perhaps....Oh, dreadful, cruel thought!
"I've to the grave my parents brought.

"But see,....the storm drives fast away,
"And soon will shine the morning ray,
"But ne'er shall I that morning see;
"For clos'd in death my eyes will be!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Beneath yon yew tree's gloomy shade,
Neglected lies the hapless maid;
With none to weep her early doom,
Or deck with flowers her lonely tomb.

DESULTORY MORAL SENTIMENTS.

MEDIOCRITY.

The temperate zone of moderate fortune, equally removed from high and low life, is most favourable for the permanence of friendship.

THE WORLD.

THE course of a rapid river is the justest of all emblems, to express the variableness of all our scenes bellow. Shakspeare says, none ever bathed himself twice in the same stream; and it is equally true, that the world, upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.

FEMALE PIETY.

PIETY communicates a divine lustre to the female mind: wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for the season; but let it be remembered, that, like the flowers of the field, those gifts are frail and fading; age will nip the bloom of beauty—sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humour—in these gloomy seasons, piety will support the drooping soul like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

A VILLIAN.

HOW much pains, anxiety, and soul-harrowing fears does he not experience! When conscious rectitude no longer inhabits the bosom, when innocence is fled, and guilt darts its fangs into the soul, wretched beyond description is that miserable being, who to screen himself from detection and shame, travels on from one thorny path to another, without resolution to turn back, to repent, to confess, and to amend; but, shrinking from the shame of deserving reproach through, a false pride, pursues its briefy course, till, falling into a vortex of vice, it sinks, to rise no more!

WIT AND VIVACITY.

NO person can be perfectly agreeable without them; but that wit which displays itself in discovering the foibles of our fellow creatures, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill-nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring; from which we turn away to fix our eyes on the performance of some artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in pourtraying a poor woman at a cottage door, or an infant sleeping on a bank of flowers.

LADIES.

HOW many are there of these, who, always busy, always eager to search out the faults of their neighbours, arraign them without mercy, to their own judgment—while a truly-good mind may be known by its charity and candour; it remembers that "to punish human errors in the province of Heaven;" and that, where candour cannot excuse, humanity drops a tear over human weakness.

TALENTS.

SUPERIOR talents, it seems, give no security for propriety of conduct: on the contrary, having a natural tendency to nourish pride, they often betray the possessor into such mistakes as men more moderately gifted never commit. Ability, therefore, is not wisdom; and an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity than the brightest talents in the world.

SORROW

is like the deaf adder, "that hears not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

FORTUNE.

THE colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters, make it. Then it is we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes and disappointments.

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